Fal. What ſhall I doe? Ile creepe vp into the chimney.

Miſ.Ford. There they alwayes vſe to diſcharge their Birding-peece: creepe into the Kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Miſ.Ford. Hee will ſeeke there on my word; Neyther Preſſe, Coffer, Cheſt, Trunke, Well, Vault, but hee hath an abſtract for the remembrance of ſuch places, and goes to them by his Note; There is no hiding you in the houſe.

Fal. Ile goe out then.

Miſt.Ford. If you goe out in your owne ſemblance, you die Sir *Iohn*, vnleſſe you go out diſguis'd.

Miſ.Ford. How might we diſguiſe him?

Miſ.Page. Alas the day I know not, there is no womans gowne bigge enough for him: otherwiſe he might put on a hat, a muffler, and kerchiefe, and ſo eſcape.

Fal. Good hearts, diuiſe ſomething; any extremitie, rather then a miſchiefe.

Miſ.Ford. My Maids Aunt the fat woman of *Brainford*, has a gowne aboue.

Miſ.Page. On my word it will ſerue him: ſhee's as big as he is; and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too: run vp Sir *Iohn*.

Miſ.Ford. Go, go, ſweet Sir *Iohn*: *Miſtris Page* and I will looke ſome linnen for your head.

Miſ.Page. Quicke, quicke, wee'le come dreſſe you ſtraight: put on the gowne the while.

Miſ.Ford. I would my husband would meete him in this ſhape; he cannot abide the old woman of Brainford; hee ſweares ſhe's a witch, forbad her my houſe, and hath threatned to beate her.

Miſ.Page. Heauen guide him to thy husbands cudgell; and the diuell guide his cudgell afterwards.

Miſ.Ford. But is my husband comming?

Miſ.Page. I in good ſadneſſe is hee, and talkes of the basket too, howſoeuer he hath had intelligence.

Miſt.